Tamor. Now will I hence about thy busines,
And take my ministers along with me.
Titus. Nay, nay, let rape and murder stay with me,
Or els Ile call my brother backe againe,
And cleaue to no reuenge but *Lucius*.
Tam. What say you boyes, will you bide with him,
Whiles I goe tell my Lord the Emperour,
How I haue gouernd our determined iest,
Yeelde to his humour, smooth and speake him faire,
And tarry with him till I turne againe.
Titus. I know them all, though they suppose me mad,
And will ore-reach them in theyr owne deuises,
A payre of curssed hell-hounds and their Dam.
Deme. Madam depart at pleasure, leaue vs heere.
Tamora. Farewell *Andronicus*, reuenge now goes
To lay a complot to betray thy foes.
Titus. I know thou doost, and sweete reuenge farewell.
Chiron. Tell vs old man, how shall we be imployd,
Titus. But I haue worke enough for you to doe,
Publius come hether, *Caius*, and *Valentine*,
Publius. What is your will?
Titus. Know you these two?
Pub. The Empresse sonnes I take them, *Chiron*, *Demetrius*.
Titus. Fie *Publius* fie, thou art too much deceaude,
The one is Murder, Rape is the others name,
And therefore binde them gentle *Publius*,
Caius and *Valentine*, lay hands on them,
Oft haue you heard me wish for such an houre,
And now I finde it, therefore binde them sure,
And stop their mouthes if they begin to cry.
Chiron. Villaines forbeare, we are the Empresse sonnes.
Publius. And therefore do we what we are commanded.
Stop close their mouthes, let them not speake a word,
Is he sure bound, looke that you binde them fast.

Enter

19 Tub. I haue

Enter Titus Andronicus with a knife, and Lauinia with a Bason.

Titus. Come, come *Lauinia*, looke, thy foes are bound,
Sirs stop their mouthes, let them not speake to me,
But let them heare what fearefull words I vtter.
Oh villaines, *Chiron* and *Demetrius*,
Here stands the spring whome you haue staind with mud,
This goodly Sommer with your Winter mixt,
You kild her husband, and for that vilde fault,
Two of her brothers were condemnd to death,
My hand cut off, and made a merry iest,
Both her sweet hands, her tongue, and that more deere
Then hands or tongue, her spotlesse chastity,
Inhumaine traytors, you constraind and forst.
What would you say if I should let you speake?
Villaines for shame you could not beg for grace.
Harke wretches how I meane to martyr you,
This one hand yet is left to cut your throates
Whilst that *Lauinia* tweene her stumps doth hold
The Bason that receaues your guilty blood.
You know your Mother meanes to feast with me,
And calls her selfe Reuenge, and thinkes me mad.
Harke villaines, I will grinde your bones to dust,
And with your blood and it Ile make a paste,
And of the paste a coffen I will reare,
And make two pasties of your shamefull heads,
And bid that strumpet your vnhallowed Dam,
Like to the earth swallow her owne increase.
This is the feast that I haue bid her to,
And this the banquet she shall surfet on,
For worse then *Philomel* you vsde my daughter,
And worse then *Progne* I will be reuengd,

And